THE EXECUTION OF WIRZ-LAST HOURS black glazed, muslin bag. He was suffer-WASHINGTON, Friday, Nov. 10.

Wirz was executed this morning at 10:30 o'clock. Nobody who saw him die to day will think any the less of him. He disappointed all those who expected to see him quiver at the brink of death. He met his fate, not with bravado, or defiance, but with a quiet, cheerful indifference Smiles even played upon his countenance until the black coat shut out from his eyes the sunlight and the world forever. His physical misery, whatever it may have been, was completely hidden in his last and successful effort to die bravely and without any exhibition of trepidation or fear, so his step was steady, his demeanor calm, his tongue silent, except as he offered up his last prayer, and all his bearing evinced more of the man than at any time since his incarceration. The crowd said he was a braver man than Payne, or Herrold, or Azteroth. Perhaps it was the bravery of a desperate man, who knows mercy is beyond his hope. Nevertheless, he met his fate with unblanched eye, unmoving feature, and a calm deliberate prayer for all those whom he deemed his persecutors. He seems to have convinced himself of his own innocence, and his last principal conversation was full of protestations, saying that he died unjustly, and that others were just as guilty as he. .

Yesterday afternoon, Louis Schade, Wirz's junior counsel, communicated to him the result of his last appeal to the President. Wirtz said he had no hope. He was ready to die: He had sought and received religious consolation, and it mat- atrocities at Andersonville, his sentence tered little whether he died now or was spared to die a natural death, for die soon he must. An attachee of the Swiss Consulate also called to ascertain the residence of his relatives, that they might be officially apprised of his death. Wirz said he had been greatly wronged by the refusal of the Swiss Con-ul to enable him to conduct thing about Jeff. Davis. He had no conhis defence. Wirz ate his supper as usual, and retiring, slept soundly the best part of the night. This morning he arose early and partook of a moderate breakfast -Soon after, R. B. Winder, who was associsted with Wirz in the command at Andersonville, was allowed-to visit him, and the two had a long conversation, devoted to a feview of their career at the stockade, a review of the evidence, and mutual assertions that they were equally guilty, or rather, equally innocent. Fathers Boyle and Wiget remained with him until he was led forth to the scaff dd.

The arrangements for the execution were completed at an early hour this morn-The scaffold was erected in the Wirz is the eighth criminal who has been tion showed its poisonous character and the executed upon it, The capacity of the ward for holding spectators having been sleedy estimated, directions were given by Major Russell for the issue of two hundred siekets of admission. He had applications for ten hundred. - The facilities for obseruntion of this outside crowd were fewchiefly confined to the tops of a row of shade trees in the capitol grounds, a few homsetops, and the dome of the capitol, a were people at an early hour, and favorable places for seeing commanded a premium.

At 10 o'clock, all being ready, the guard entered Wirz's room to bring him to the scaffold. Wirz greeted the officers in a quiet and easy manner. He had been engaged for the previous hour with the con-Green, and now complied with the request to peapere for the final scene. Without exhibition of perrousness, he even ined in pleasantry as to his appearance in the black shroud, and said also that he "Hoped to have a white gown soon." The officer proceeded to pinion his arms behind his back, but found the handcuffs would not alip on his right arm, it being much swallen. His timbs were therefore left free until he resched the souffold. As they water leaving the room, Wire turned to the mantile, and with an annel noncha-lenes at it has had been in a har room, took up a bottle of while, and pouring out a liberal draught, drauk it down with out a liberal draught, Grack it down with appeared reliab. Then taking a chew of selection as repic his place on the precedence which can less by the Provent Mandate than the two Prints about Wirs, the graces hast, and Captain Waleridge in the face, he which sold they meaned the scaling the parameter activities much selected the parameter activities much selected to be appeared in his segmentary. Supposes a selected the parameter is noted to prove the law, he makes to be proved to the law, he makes to be per a selected to be a

was suppurating, another piece of decayed bone having come out. His last words were: "I am innocent of the charges brought against me. 'I am going before God, who will judge between me and my accusers." He then kissed the crucifix, whereon the crowd shouted and hooted. and the soldiers mocked him and eried loudly: "You'll never starve any more Union prisoners. Remember Andersonville." Others in the crowd cried: "Hang the scoundrel quick." When the bood was pulled over his head the crowd cheered, and some exclaimed, "Down with him; let him drop?" When the drop fell a wildchorus of cheers and shouts arose from the crowd. Such a disgraceful scene has never been witnessed in this country at any execution. An artist was on hand with his apparatus and took a view of the dangling corpse. When the body was cut down the rope was cut in pieces, and the crowd fought and struggled for the fragments. The post mortem disclosed that the neck had been broken.

Agreeably to a request from Wirz, Father Boyle received the body to day, and delivered it to an undertaker, who will inter it, to await the arrival of Mrs. Wirz, who is expected soon. Wirz left few or no earthly effects.

Mr. Schade was called upon by several persons la t night, as was also Father Boyle who communicated information purporting to come from a member of the Cabinet, to the effect that if Wirz would acknowledge that Jeff. Davis was connected with the should be committed. Although Mr. Schade did not place full confidence in the reports, he considered it to be his duty to relate them to the prisoner at his last conference with him. Capt. Wirz, in reply, said: "Mr. Schade, you know I have always told you that I did not know anynection with me as to what was done at Andersonvilles and if I knew he had, I would not become a traitor against him or any one else, to save my life."

The fact has just been made public that some weeks ago, during the visit of Wirz's wife to Washington, an attempt was made by her to forestall the sentence of the court in her husband's case by poisoning him. When kissing bim at parting in the cell after one of their interviews she mannged. to convey from her own mouth into his a little ball of strychnine, covered with coat ings of oiled silk and liquorice. Colonel Baker, who was present and noticed the suspicious proceeding, surang forward, and, by se zing. Wirz by the throat, compelled southern portion of the prison yard .- him to spit out the article. An examinaobject it was designed to accomplish. Mrs. Wirz was not again allowed to visit her busband in his cell.

The following letter was written by Wifz before mounting the gallows:

OLD CAPITOL PRISON, Nov 10, 1865. .MR. SCHADE - Dear Sir: It is no doubt the last time I will address myself to you. What I have said to you often and often I repeat. Accept my thanks, my sincere, heartfelt thanks, for all you have done for me. May God feward you -I cannot Still I have something more to sak of you, and I am confident that you will not refuse to receive my dying request. Please help my poor family, my dear wife and children. War, cruel war, has awept everything from me, and to-day my wife, my children are beggars. My life is demanded as an atonement. I am willing to give it, and I hope that after a while will be judged differently from what I am now. If any one ought to come to the felief of my family, it is the people of the South for whose take I have secrificed all. I know you will excuse me for troubling von again. Farewell, dear Sir, may God bless you ! Your i hankful-,

A GIGANTIC RAILBOAD PROVECT .- A mor is current in St. Louis, which if quenos and benefits to the comm

From the Rome Courier. ing excruciating agony from his arm, which Bill Arp on the State of the Country. "Sweet land of Liberty, of thee I sing."

> Not much I dont, not at this time. here's anything sweet about liberty in this part of the vineyard, I can't see it. The and's good enuf and I would'nt mind hearin a hyme or two about the dirt I live on, but as for findin sugar and liberty in Georgy soil, its all a mistake. Howsumever. I'm hopeful. I'm much calmer and sereener than I was a few months ago. I pegin to feel kindly towards all people, exsept some. I'm now endeavorin to be a great national man. I've taken up a mottoe of No North, no South, no East, co West; but let me-tell you my friend, I'll bet on Dixie as long as I've got a dollar .-Its no harm to run both skedules. In fakt its highly harmonious to do so. I'm a good Union reb, and my battle cry are Dixie and the Union.

> But you see my friend, we are gettin reatless about some things. The war had bekum mity heavy on us, and after the big collapse, we thought it was over for good. We had killed folks and killed folks until the novelty of the thing had wore off, and we were mity nigh played out all over .-Children were increasin and vinels diminishin. By a clas calculashun it was purseeved that we didn't kill our enemies as fast as they was imported, and about those times I thought it was a pity that some mirakle of grace had'nt cut off the breed of furreners some 18 or 20 years ago. Then you would have seed a fair fight. Gen. Sherman would't have walked over the track, and Ulyses would have killed more men than he did-of his own side. I hav always that' that a General ought to be pertikler which side he was sacrifisin. .

Well, if the war is over, whats the use of allin up our towns and cities with soldiers any longer. Where's your tekonstruktion that the papers say is goin on so rapidly ? Where's the liberty and freedom? The fakt is, General Sherman and his caterpillers made such a elemi sweep of everything. I don' see much to rekonstruckt --They took so many liberties around here that theres pary liberty left. I could have rekonstruckted a thousand sich States before this. Any body could. There was'ut nothin to do but fest to go off and let us alone. We've got plenty of Statesmenplenty of men for Governor. Joe Brown aint dead-he's a waitin-standing at the door with his hat off. Then what's the soldiers here for-what good are they doin -who wants to see 'em any longer .-Everybody is tired of the war and we don't niggers don't want 'em, and the white men dont want 'em, and as for the wimenwhoo-pee! I goolly! Well, there's no u takin -when the stars fall agin maybe the wimen will be harmonized. That male business-that oath about gittin letters! Gec-tiger! They always was jealous about the males any how, and that order jest broke the camel's back. Well I must confess that it was a powerful small concern. I would try to sorter smooth it over if I knowed what to say, but I don'te If they was afeered of the wimen why did'ut they say so ! If They was nt, what do they make 'em swear for, Jest to aggravate 'emi Did'nt they know that the best way to harmonizo a man, was to harmonize his wife first? What harm can the wimen do by received their letter outh free! They can't vote, nor they can't preach, nor hold offic, nor play soldier nor muster, nor wear breaches, nor ride straddle, nor case, por chaw terbacker, nor do nuthin hardly but talk and rite letters. I hearn that a valunt kernel made a waman put up ber fan bekause it had a pikter of Borygard pon it. Well she's harmonized, I reckon. the trouble of all sich is that after these bayonets leave here and go home, these petticost tyrants cant comb back any more. Some Georgy tool will mast the juce out of 'em, serting and that would'ut be neither harmonious nor lienlihy. Better let the women alone.

Then there is mether thing I'm water for. Why sion't thay rekonstrukt the niggive jem a powerful site of freedom, and deviliah little else. Here's the big freed-

aint a goin to. It don't know anything its the best sign of rekonstruktion I have railing, and took the very tomb-stones to about it. Our people have got a beap fit observed. more feelin for the poor nigger than any abolitishunist. We are as poor as Job, but I'll bet a dollar we can raise more money in Rome to build a nigger church than they did in Bostown. The papers say that after goin round for 3 weeks, the Bostown chrisnigger church in Savannab. They are powerful on theory but devilish scace in practice.

But its no u e talkin. Everybody will know by waitin who's been fooled. Mr. Johnson says he's gwine to experiment, that's all Re can do now-its all anybody can do. Mr. Johnson's head's level. I'm for him, and everybody ought to be for. him-only he's powerful slow about somethings. I aint a worshippin him. He never made me. 'I hear folks hollerin huraw for Andy Johnson, and the papers say, oh! he's for us, he's all right, he's our friend. Well, spose he is, hadn't he ought country. Perhaps he has a right to do it, to be? Did you expekt hiw to be a dog, but we submit, Bill, that your attempts at or a black republican pup. Bekause he ain't a hagin of us, is it necessary to be playid hipocrit around the foot stool of calling the Union men of the South "topower, and makin out like he was the ries" and "sink hearted fellows," and the greatest man in the world, and we was the greatest sinners! Who's sorry ? Who's repentin? Who loves our enemies? Nobody but a durned sneak. I say let 'em hang and be hanged to 'em, before I'd beg em for grace. Whar's Sokrastes, whar's Cato? But if Andy holds his own, the the matter by the use of such language as country's safe, provided these general as- this : semblys and sinods, and Bishop's conventions will keep the devil and Brownlow tied. Here's a passel of slink hearted fellers who played tory jest to dodge bullitts or save property, now a howlin about for offis-want everything bekause they was for Union. They was for themselves, that's bating whom you please, but will quietness all they was for, and they sin't goin to git ever come while you and those of your the offises neither. Mr. Johnson ain't got friends who hate as you do give such exno more respek for 'em than I have. We pression to their feelings. Again you say: want to trade 'em off. By hoky, we'll give two of 'em for one copperhead, and ax of filin up our towns and cities with solnothin to boot-Let em shinny on their diers any longer. Where's your rekonown side, and git over among the folks who don't want us rekonstrukted. . There's rapidly ?" them newspaper scriblers who slip down to the edge of Dixey every 24 hours, and peep over at us, on tip toe. Then they run back a puffin and blown with a strait of the war and we don't want to see any coat tail, and holler out, " He aint dead-I'm just from thar-seed his toe moveheard him grunt; he's goin to sise agin. Dont't withdraw the soliers, but send down more troops immegeately." And here's the soldier into your towns and cities? In your Harper's Weekly a headin all sich-a another place you use the following langassin kee and slanders in every issuewant to see any more signs of it. The makin insultin pikters in every sheefbreedin everlastia discord, and chawin big- headin all sich-a gassin lies and slanders ger than ever since we got licked. Wish in every issue - makin insultin pikters in their fearry, and we boys had knowd they and chawin bigger than ever since we got was goin to keep up this devilment so long. We'd a made baptists of them sertin, payroll or no payroll. Harraw for a brave soldier, I say, reb or no reb, yank or noo yank; harraw for a manly foe and a gen yank; harraw for a manly foe and a gen one stieded to and suppose the people of the North who loved the old golly-excusa me, but sich expressions will day and gotterment under which they work their way out sometimes, brakes or was goin to keep up this devilment so long, licked ? no brakes, , , ,

But I'm for Mr. Johnson, I'm for all he Johnsons-its a bully name. There's our Governor, who aint goin at a discount sary for you to speak of it in this man and there's Andy who is doin powerful well

And there's Joe my bully Joe, would'n walk ten miles of a rainy night to see them hazel eyes, and feel the grip of hi soldier hand. Did'nt my rooster always clap his widge and crow whenever he pass ed our quarters? Instinct told him that he was the true prince,' and it would make anybody brave to be nigh him. I like all the Johnsons, even to Sam - L. C. He never levied on me if he could git round it. For 20 years me and Sain have been workin together in the justice court. I was an everlastly defendant, and Sam the Constable, but he sever sold my property nor skeered Mrs. Arp. Hurrow for the Johnsone !

Well, on the whole, there's a heap of hings to be thankful for. I'm thankful the

Yourn, hoping BILL ARP.

P. S .- And they hawled Grant's cabin a thousand miles. Will Sherman's war horse stayed in my stable one night. I want to sell the stall to some vankee State tians raised thirty seven dollars to build a Fair. As our people aint the sort that runs after big things, the stall aint no more than any other stall to me. State Fairs, its for sale. I suppose that Harpers Weekly or Frank Lesley will paint a pikter of it soon, by drawin on their imagination.

"BILL ARP" PEELS THE BARK OFF THE CHATTANOOGA GAZETTE.

"BILL ARP."-The latest aspirant in the arena of comic (?) literature has written a letter published in the Nashville Republis can of Sunday, in which he indulges in considerable growing at some things which do hot suit him in the reconstruction of the "harmonizing" are not likely to succeed, while you are indulging in such terms as Union men of the North "black republican pups. Because you could not kill off "your enemies as fast as they were imported, is no reason why you should keep up an ill feeling, which true men are trying to smooth down. Do you expect to better

"I'm thankful I ain't a black republican pup. I'm thankful that Thad Stevens and Summer and Phillips nor none of their kin ain't no kin to me. I'm thankful for the high privilege of hatin all such."

You undoubtedly have the privilege of

"Well, if the war is over, what's the use struktion that the papers say is going on so "Then what's the soldiers here for-

what good are they doin-who wants to see 'em any longer. Everybody is tired more signs of it. The niggers don't want 'em and the white men don't want 'em and for the wimmin-whoonee."

Let us ask you a question : Who brought

"And here's your Harper's Weekly a

thick and thin, evince a faudable outher siasm over averything connected with the suppression of your rebellion is it neces-

"And they haviled Grant's debin a thou considerin, and there's the hero of Shilow and office. Well Sherman news thorse peace to his noble ashes. soil the stall to some Yanker State Fair As our people-ain't the sort that runs after big folk's things, the stall ain't no more than any other stall to me. State Fairs it's for agle. I suppose that Harper's Weekly or Frank Lealey will parnt a pikter of it soon, drawin on their imagina-

> The fact is, Bill, such fellows as you the South, and others of opposite tender cies his qually as foolists in the North, do more to keep up an ill feeling between the two sections than you do in "harmo sizing." Be civil yourself and others will follow your example. - Chuttenoogt Ga-

REPLY TO THE ABOVE. ILL ARY TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHATT.

put in your fortifications. We read your exaltations of Northern bravery and Southern treason, and we skomed you from the bottom of our hearts. Now when of late an humble individual makes bold to bust his biler and express his sentiments in two breef letters, you get up like a sanktified preacher and read bim a public lekture about harmenizin. Geutle sur. it don't bekum you. When I've insulted you about 2,000 times we will be even. But I don't intend to insult you at all. If you are an bonest man and a generous conqueror, T nin't after you. When you make an effort to convince Harper's Weekly and the black republikins that our people, from General Lee and Mr. Davis, down to the high privates, are just as good, and brave, and honorable as they are, I'll harmonize with

But, gentle sir, haven't you spread yourself too far from home? What hav you feen doin about harmonisin your own people ? Our little burnt city is fast filling up with your best citizens. During the war you let em stay, but after the war fliey are forced to leave. Like exiles, they are seeking refuge in Cherokee, Georgy, and there stands your paper like a lampless, lightless beakon on the shore, and sustains the men and measures that made them leave. You are seein em day after day desertin your State, and you look away off and employ your pen in lekturin a poor stranger about harmonizin.

Gentle Sur, sho ten your sights: Begin to work on your concerns or you'l lose all your best society. They are welcome here, and we'll all stand by om, but then I have always thought that every great State ought to hav some good meu left in it! Dont you?

Gentle Sur, tote saic.

Not yours,

BILL ARP.

HENRY WARD BERCHER ON GRN. LEE. In a recent sermon Henry Ward Beecher made the annexed remarks in regard to Gen. Robert E. Lee:

"I cannot read, except with disapprobation, much that has been written with regard to the state of things at the South. I was pained with many of the criticisms that were passed upon Gen. Lee upon his assuming the presidency of a college. more modest ! Who could thave been more true to his word and honor than he? And when called by his fellow citizens to be president of a college, these carping criticisms are indulged in. Mass he not do something for a living ! For my own part I was thankful that he was called to the presidency, and I have reason to believe him will in the main be true and faithful to the Government he lives under, and that he will set them, an example. This injurious criticism is not usegoanimous; we are the stronger party, and of there is to be magnanimity anywhere we are to show

ALWAYS SECONS A FRIEND AT COURT General Grant, a Scottinger, was in the service of the Boas Prederick of Russia and was abserved difficulty fondling the King Physics dog.

"Arregon bond of dags" asked Freder

"but we Scotch have a serving that it is right to cookee a friend at sourch "You are a sig fellow," said the mos

arch; "recollect for the future that you have no occasion for any, friend at court but myself. Grant rose afterwards with great rapidity, and was becaused with the obtained of the most important fortesses in the whole hingsons.

A few days alone we published a paragraph to the effect that the property of Gen. Whe had been restored that it appears to have been untrue, as we see that on Saturday, the 4th last, Jailles Fridar-wood, in the United States Cours at Novelok, had a degree of solidantics, untered